1493. c. 19.

# THE POET AND THE MUSE.

*DUBLIN:*

Printed, and Re-printed in *London*; and Sold by R. AMEY, over-againſt *Craggs-Court*, *Charing-Croſs*, and in the Court of *Requeſts*, Mrs. DODD, at the *Peacock* without *Temple-Bar*, and by the Bookſellers of *London* and *Weſtminſter*.

# MUSEUM

AND

# LIBRARY

OF THE

# THE

# POET

## AND THE

# *MUSE.*

*LONDON:*
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MDCCXXXVII.

[ *Price, One Shilling.* ]

# THE HISTORY OF THE LIFE AND REIGN OF KING RICHARD THE SECOND.

LONDON:
Printed for Jonas Bettenham, at the Bible over against St. Dunstan's Church in Fleet-street. MDCCXXXII.

# THE

# Poet *and* Muſe.

*POET.*

OUSE, drowſy Muſe, how you provoke me,
In ſnoring thus, while I invoke ye!
No wonder, troth, I've pump'd my Brain,
And bit my Nails to find a Vein,
Yet got but Labour for my Pain.

*MUSE.*

Why, what a horrid Din you keep!
What ſhou'd the Muſes do but ſleep?
Prithee give o'er this irkſome Bawling,
Take to ſome uſeful honeſt Calling,
In which thou may'ſt, by daily Sweat,
Procure, at leaſt, the Means to eat.

*POET.*

Why, you old Witch!

*MUSE.*

Let's have no Rage,
Take my Advice, if you are ſage,

If you're not fond of Airy Diet:
So let me take my Nap in quiet.
There's ſcarce a Bard, but now you ſee
Allows his Muſe this Liberty:
Nay, ev'n the Laureat's, which ſhou'd wake,
If any ſhou'd, her Eaſe do's take;
Freed from all Thought, and full of Sack,
She yawns, and ſtretches on her Back:
Nay, what is more, the lazy Toad
Will, nodding, write a Birth-day Ode.

*POET.*

Suppoſe his Muſe he idle keeps,
His Teeth can wagg, altho' ſhe ſleeps.
But, Child, with me, tis not the ſame;
I write for Bread, as well as Fame;
But Hopes of Jaw-work, are all vain
Without we can ſome Credit gain.

*MUSE.*

Credit, do'ſt ſay! Art turning Jeſter?
Who'll truſt a Poet, with a Teſter?

*POET.*

You cannot, think, me, ſure, ſo weak,
Of Reputation 'tis, I ſpeak.

*MUSE.*

Then, prithee, ſhake off idle Sloth.
Nay, prithee don't torment us both.
If, you have Hopes to write and pleaſe,
E'en leave the Muſe to take her Eaſe.
If you imagine Senſe or Wit
Will give you either Sup or Bit,
Will mend your Shoes, or darn your Hoſe,
You're foully out: So let me doze.
Wou'd you, for once, be rul'd by me,
You'd throw aſide all Poetry;

Do

Do any thing, but teaze a Muſe,
Turn Hackney-writer or clean Shoes.
Abſtracted Wit finds no Support,
Whereas a Dunce, who's known at Court,
Whoſe Art of Pimping ſpeaks his Merit,
Buffoon to *U--le* or a *Sk---t*,
Shall boldly ſet him down to write,
And get his Hundreds on Third Night:
Take my Advice, and laſt Adieu,
I'll to my Nap, and ſo do you.
'Tis better ſleep away your Time,
Than beat your Brains for Uſeleſs Rhime.

*POET.*

Help me, howe'er, in one ſmall Job,
I'd Panegyrick write on *BOB.*
I know before-hand it won't ſell;
But then, he pays his Hacknies well.

*MUSE.*

Pray, on what Baſis wilt thou raiſe
The Superſtructure of his Praiſe?

*POET.*

Why, on the Benefits the Nation
Receives from his Ad —— n.

*MUSE.*

Why, prithee, Fool, do'ſt think his Nature
So good, he'll pay thee for a Satire?
He needs muſt to himſelf be known;
For *C---b* has ſo often ſhewn
The fatal Blunders he has made,
The loſs of Fame, and loſs of Trade,
That he muſt think your Panegyrick
An Irony the moſt Satirick;
And deeming you what he names *B---ll*,
('Twixt you and me) he wou'd not judge ill,
Inſtead of Purſe, he'd ſend a Cudgel:

Which well adminiſter'd by *Jones*,
Wou'd ſend you home with broken Bones.
But, ſince you have my Reſt diſturb'd,
And that your Tongue will not be curb'd,
I'll give you, from a Tale, a Hint,
Tho' you may think there's nothing in't;
Howe'er, obſerv'd, may ſpare a Plaiſter,
And ſave your Noddle from Diſaſter.

'A Stateſman by his Wine o'ertaken,
'Unkindly, by his Legs forſaken,
'In Kennel dropp'd; and there he wallow'd,
'There call'd and roar'd, and whoop'd and hollow'd.
'Drawn by the Noiſe, a Watchman came,
'Ask'd who he was? and what his Name?
'With other idle Queſtions; ſuch,
'As how he came to drink ſo much?
'Whence laſt he came; and where he'd go?
'Was he of *High-Church* or of *Low*?
'How came he out at Hours ſo late?
'Was he not plotting 'gainſt the State?
'Lay he not there in Meditation,
'Hatching ſome Miſchief to the Nation?
'Yet to our Kennel-cleaning Lord
'Not the leaſt Help wou'd he afford.
'Help, cry'd my Lord, I am thy Neighbour,
'And well I'll pay thee for thy Labour.
'A Neighbour! Umph--- why, be it ſo;
'My Neighbour has ſome Name I trow.
'When that you've told me, and your Trade,
'I'll think what may be done or ſaid.
'Z---ds, ſaid the Peer, wrought up to Paſſion,
'Was Man e'er treated in this faſhion?
'Such Uſage, Fleſh and Blood can't bear.
'Nay, cries the Watchman, do not ſwear.

We

'We often meet ſuch ſwag'gring Bullies;
'With draggled Trulls, and huffing Cullies,
'Who've been, as you are, overta'en,
'And as you are, in Kennel lain.
'There call'd for Help, and ſwore and curſt;
'But who'll be help'd, muſt anſwer firſt
'To all our Queries, Friend, at large,
'The Town with us is left in Charge.
'Since it is ſo, and I muſt lye
'In Kennel ſoaking, or reply.
'Know that I live i'th' Street hard by,
'That I'm a Lord: Reply'd the Peer,
'And what's your Title? let us hear.
'For I'm not bound to take your Word,
'Tho' drunk enough to be a Lord.
'His Lordſhip, tho' he was full loath,
'Told him his Name and Title both.
'The Fellow cry'd, no Wiſe Man cares,
'To meddle in your State Affairs;
'Eſpecially when Work's ſo dirty:
'Lye there a while, it will not hurt ye;
'This Matter is, my Lord, ſo weighty,
'I fear the Conſtable wou'd rate me,
'Think me too ſaucy, ſhou'd I dare,
'Mean as I am, to touch a Peer;
'An Honour which I ne'er deſerv'd,
'And to his Poſt perhaps reſerv'd.
'So left my Lord to roul in Mud,
'Or to get up, if ſo he cou'd.
Mind you this well, or you'll repent ye,
Remember, *Verbum Sapienti*.
But *Morpheus* with his leaden Rod
Has touch'd my Lids, and I muſt nod.
P'ſhaw, drive away the drouzy God.

Why, I already have begun,
Woud'ſt have me loſe what's ready done?

*MUSE.*

The loſs is ſuch, you need not heed it,
But come, I'll liſten while you read it.

*POET.*

'While other Nations feel the Woe of Wars,
'Or are divided by inteſtine Jars;
'While bloody Fields preſent a dreadful Scene,
'Your Counſels do the *Britiſh* Nation *Skreen.*
'With her, her Riches and her Trade encreaſe,
'And, ſingly, ſhe enjoys the Bliſs of Peace.

*MUSE.*

Enough, enough; I'll hear no more;
The Thought is ſtrain'd, the Lines are poor;
The Facts are falſe, your Verſes rumble,
And Woe and War's an aukward Jumble,
Inſtead of Soaring, here, you creep;
The Town will ſee I was aſleep.
*Caleb*, you'd find wou'd ſoon reply,
And thus convict you of a Lye.
'*Britain*, alone, enjoying Peace,
'Sees Taxes ev'ry Day encreaſe;
'If that may juſtly Peace be call'd,
'In which, by ev'ry State, we're maul'd;
'And as in War, our Ships are ta'en,
'Which ſcarce dare Traffick on the Main;
'Nor, if inſulted, turn again.
'If Bankruptcies do Plenty ſpeak,
'We ſee our Traders daily break;
'A modern Sign, by which we ſhew,
'That *Britain* does with Plenty flow.

'But

' But farther to evince, that we
' Are rich aſhore, as fear'd at Sea,
' While other States their Debts defray,
' We're plunging deeper e'ery Day.
' We oft have active Courage ſhewn;
' At *Hockſtet*, *Marlbro'* made it known;
' And prov'd the Sons did not fall ſhort
' Of Fathers, fam'd in *Agencourt*.
But hold, I cannot yet forbear,
At *Marlbro*'s Name, to drop a Tear:
Yet, yet, my anguiſh'd Breaſt will riſe,
And Grief will yet exact my Sighs.
'Tis not for him I beat my Breaſt,
I cannot grieve, the Hero's bleſt,
That he does fuller Glory reap;
'Tis in his Loſs, I *Britain* weep.
Oh! cou'd I ſtretch an *Eagle*'s Wing,
In Epic Verſe great *Marlbro'* ſing,
And do ſtrict juſtice to his Name;
Then might'ſt thou hope immortal Fame:
For *Marlbro'* triumphing o'er Time,
Wou'd make thee deathleſs in thy Rhime.
But we, as well may hope to find
Another *Marlbro'* bleſs Mankind;
See the Gods mov'd, for our Relief,
Send *Britain* ſuch another Chief;
To ſuch indulgently impart
A *Marlbro*'s Counſel, *Marlbro*'s Heart;
As that a Poet they'll bring forth,
Whoſe Verſe can match the Hero's Worth.
But I'll purſue what I left off,
And paint you *Caleb*'s biting Scoff,
' Our paſſive Courage, none ſuſpected;
' For which, we're now ſo much reſpected,
' That Chriſtian Virtue long lay hid,
' None thought we'd patiently be rid:

' *Spain* cou'd not think we were ſo meek,
' To turn, when ſmitten, t'other Cheek:
' But when ſhe brought us to the Teſt,
' She found our Patience was no Jeſt;
' And tho' they tax us with a Schiſm,
' And boaſt their own *Catholiciſm*,
' They bluſh'd to ſee the Reſignation
' And Chriſtian Mildneſs of our Nation;
' That we who once tenacious wou'd
' Have kept our Rights, or loſt our Blood,
' And like vile Hereticks believ'd,
' We might revenge the Wrongs receiv'd,
' So much cou'd keep our Spirits under,
' As quietly to yield to Plunder.
' Of this mild Temper we muſt own
' The Glory's due to *B--b* alone.
Thus *Caleb* wou'd, with ſneering Batt'ry
Of ſolid Truth, diſmount your Flatt'ry.
By all, you wou'd a Jeſt be made,
And what's ſtill worſe, you'd not be paid.

*POET.*

Say, ſhall I 'gainſt Corruption write?

*MUSE.*

Thou'lt nothing gain; none profit by't.
But ſince I'm in the tatling Vein,
I'll tell you, here, a Tale again.
' A People, to the Southward lying
' With the Sun's Beams were near to frying.
' By Heat intenſe, ſo much annoy'd,
' They fear'd they all might be deſtroy'd,
' If none cou'd Remedy invent,
' Which Extirpation might prevent:
' For *Sol* was never known before
' To rage with ſuch tyrannick Pow'r.

‘ The wiſeſt of the Council meet
‘ To find ſome means, t'allay this Heat,
‘ After debating *pro* and *con*,
‘ At length, a Project's hit upon,
‘ By one, much noted for his Speeches,
‘ Who having firſt pull'd up his Breeches,
‘ And by this preparation made
‘ A ſolemn Silence, wiſely ſaid:
‘ As Source of Life is underſtood,
‘ In Man and Beaſt, to be the Blood,
‘ Which, if too rich abounding, ever
‘ Is follow'd by a raging Fever;
‘ So, in the Sun, we Light ſuppoſe
‘ The Cauſe, whence, firſt all Heat aroſe;
‘ And when with Light 'tis quite replete,
‘ It needs muſt cauſe exceſſive Heat.
‘ As Light is thus that Planet's Blood,
‘ To it and Man it muſt do good,
‘ If from redundant Blood 'tis freed,
‘ And now and then the Sun ſhou'd bleed.
‘ To moſt this Doctrine ſeem'd abſtruſe;
‘ Howe'er, as it might prove of Uſe,
‘ They yielded, for the Publick good,
‘ The Sun ſhou'd loſe a little Blood.
‘ The Project next they fall upon,
‘ Was how, by whom, this might be done?
‘ He who the Project did impart
‘ Cry'd, that demands no ſubtle Art,
‘ And may be done with little Pain;
‘ Our Archers bring into a Plain,
‘ With Bows and Shafts; and when that's done,
‘ Let 'em all ſhoot againſt the Sun.
‘ For when they've pierc'd the Atmoſphere,
‘ They'll hit the Sun: There's nought more clear.
‘ As then the Earth can act no more,
‘ By its magnetick Force or Pow'r,

‘ This

'This was, by one and all, agreed
'The only way to make *Sol* bleed:
'This wiſe Advice, of Courſe was ta'en,
'The Archers muſter'd in a Plain;
'The Shafts prepar'd, the Bows are bent,
'And all impatient wait th' Event.
'At Signal giv'n the Troops let fly,
'A Flight, which darkens all the Skie,
'But ſtrait the Arrows fall again,
'And by their Fall are numbers ſlain.
The Moral I need not apply,
You'll do it, full as well, as I.

*POET.*

I find you're bent upon Oppoſing
Whatever is of my Propoſing.

*MUSE.*

Let me return then, to my Dozing.

*POET.*

From wiſe Experiments, 'tis plain,
That Providence gives nought in vain;
Then prithee tell the Reaſon why,
I've a digeſtive Faculty:
For that you'll own not wanting where
The Diet is, like mine, on Air;
Neither, to me, are Teeth of Uſe,

*MUSE.*

The Reaſon, Friend, is not abſtruſe,
And eaſy found, if you'll but ſhew,
Why Nature did two Hands beſtow.

*POET.*

I take you Right; but know not how
To throw a Flail, or hold a Plough.

*MUSE.*

*MUSE.*

You ſoon wou'd learn, lay once aſide
The Gentleman, and ſenſeleſs Pride;
And tho' your Gain's, at firſt, but ſmall,
'Tis better ſtill than none at all.
If thou haſt Spirit, fly a Town
Where nought but Buffoonry goes down;
Where Merit, Probity or Senſe,
Will make no Way, without the Pence:
Where Int'reſt, only, is in Vogue,
And where the Poor's both Fool and Rogue.
Where wanting Wit is made the Jeſt
Of the full Dunce, who richly dreſs'd,
Thinks, as Fools do, that Affluence
Characteriſtick is of Senſe.

*POET.*

But you have often ſaid, the Wiſe
Th' Opinion of the World deſpiſe.
Our Happineſs, you've often taught,
Depends not on another's Thought;
That Guilt will ſtill torment the Soul,
Tho' in a Coach with Six we roul:
That the moſt glaring Equipage
The Stings of Conſcience won't aſſuage;
Not ſervile Crouds, nor Flattery,
Will from its Clamours ſet us free;
And tho' we drown its Cries in Riot,
We ſhall not find it will be quiet.
Thus, of a River, ſtop the Courſe,
The Dam but gives it greater Force;
It may ſome time the Stream repel,
But the check'd Current ſtill will ſwell,
And with its Weight will proſtrate lay,
Whate'er was rais'd, to ſtop its Way.

But, on the other Hand, we find
The Man, enjoying Peace of Mind,
Conſcious of Virtue, can deſpiſe
Th' envenom'd Darts of Calumnies.
He's ſtill at Eaſe, howe'er borne down
With Falſities, or Fortune's Frown.
He wiſhes all his Actions may
Be brought to bear the Teſt of Day:
That Windows were in each Man's Breaſt,
To clear the Innocent oppreſs'd.
He, if accus'd, has this Support,
His Conſcience clears him in her Court.
He knows his Cauſe will, one Day be
Heard by a Judge, from Paſſion free,
Who can thro' all Diſguiſes ſee.
Here, trembling and confus'd with Shame,
Muſt thoſe appear, who blot his Fame:
While his clear'd Innocence ſhall ſhine
With piercing Rays of Light Divine.
Beſide, the World's no ſetled Station;
Life is a State of meer Probation;
This all the Works of Nature preach,
And this the rouling Seaſons teach.
The Days of Youth in *Spring* is ſhewn,
In *Summer* we're to Manhood grown:
As *Autumn* ſpeaks declining Age,
So *Winter* leads us off the Stage.
Man, we may ſay, is like a Flow'r,
Which ſprings and flouriſhes its Hour;
Then drooping, loſes, firſt, it's Grace,
And with'ring, next, gives others Place.
So the laſt Age for us made room,
As we muſt do for that to come,
Which ſhall ſpring, flouriſh and look gay,
Till Time ſweeps that, like us, away,
And a new Race brings forth to Day.

The Time's ſo ſhort, allow'd us here,
That Life's not worth the wiſe Man's Care.
I've, oft, by Metaphor, heard ſay,
The World's a Stage, and Life a Play,
In which is caſt each Character,
By Wiſdom's ſelf, which cannot err;
And all the Turns that e'er have been,
Are nothing more than ſhifting Scene:
If then the Maſter marks me down,
To Play an Emperor or Clown,
My Buſ'neſs is t'exert my Art,
And ſtrive throughout to top my Part.
Speak then, my Muſe, and Reaſon why,
You Counſel me the Town to fly?

*MUSE.*

You've ſtirr'd, my Friend a Hornet's Neſt,
Which never will allow you Reſt;
In ſpight of Prudence, you'd be witty,
And they're reſolv'd, e'faith to fit ye:
They'll lay you on with Dirt ſo thick,
Tho' much may fall, that much ſhall ſtick.

*POET.*

Suppoſe ſuch Malice ſhou'd not ceaſe;
Can that diſturb my inward Peace;
Will not my Actions prove the Lye,
And turn on them the Infamy?
Woud'ſt have me, then for this, give way?

*MUSE.*

'Tis Wiſe to quit th' unequal Fray.
Art not half ſtarv'd?

*POET.*

*POET.*

——————Why that I grant,
But ſtarving quite, muſt end all Want.

*MUSE.*

This Spirit makes me too exert me,
Thy honeſt Muſe will ne'er deſert thee.
We will, together, Virtues ſing,
Or deeply with our Satire ſting:
With twiſted Scourges Vice engage,
And either Mend or Shame the Age.

*FINIS.*

## *ERRATA.*

Page 4. *Then prithee ſhake off idle Sloth*, belongs to the foregoing Speech of the *Poet*.
Page 7. The laſt Line before *P'ſhaw*, put *Poet*, it being the *Poet's* Speech.
Page 8. Near the Bottom, for *Nor*, *if*, read *Or if*.

*Juſt Publiſh'd,*

I. The Fall of *BOB:* Or the Oracle of *GIN.*

II. The *OLIVE:* An ODE. Occaſion'd by the auſpicious Succeſs of His MAJESTY's Counſels, and His MAJESTY's moſt happy Return.

III. S——t *contra omnes.* An *IRISH* Miſcellany. Containing, 1. Some Propoſals for the Regulation and Improvement of *Quadrille:* 2. The LEGION CLUB. 3. A Curry-Comb of Truth for a certain Dean: Or, the *Grub-Street* Tribunal. 4. The Scall'd Crow's Neſt, a very old Tale.

199 **POET** (The) and the Muse. *Printed and Sold by R. Amey, Mrs. Dodd, and by the Booksellers of London and Westminster,* 1737. **£12 10s**

Folio, 1 leaf, 16 pp., 1 leaf (Advt.). A rather wandering conversation between the poet and his Muse. The Muse regrets and praises Marlborough. There is a half-title with a cognate leaf at the end advertising three Irish books. The half-title is actually another title-page, and has imprint beginning *Dublin: Printed, and Re-printed in London; and Sold by R. Amey, etc., but with no date.* For the printer see P[illegible]

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